

Will's Confession Letter by ThisGorlie

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: AU, Byeler - Freeform, M/M, byler, mild homophobia

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers & Mike Wheeler, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-12-29

Updated: 2017-12-29

Packaged: 2022-04-03 15:07:34

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 2

Words: 4,047

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Will, Mike, Lucas, and Dustin spend the night at Mike's and Will decides to confess his love for him by sneaking a picture he drew of Mike under his locked bedroom door with a written message professing his long-standing crush on his best friend. However, the next day, Will instantly regrets this. He attempts to sneak into Mike's house to get it back.

1. Chapter 1

Without anyone noticing his quiet footsteps, Will had snuck upstairs to the Wheeler's residence and towards Mike's room. During their weekly dungeons and dragons campaign, they would spend hours on end in Mike's basement playing the game. However, their non-stop and chaotic role-playing was harshly put on hold by Will saying he needed to call his mom for 'uhh...something'. Surprisingly, his friends didn't protest by telling him to do that later or even question what he needed to call his mom for.

He carried his backpack with him, taking in a deep breath. He opened his backpack and took out his sketchbook. He carefully flipped through the pages until he took out a page that was already removed from the edge of the book.

It was a picture of his best friend Mike Wheeler.

A rather elaborately sketched one of him, detailing every bit of his features. Features that Will found utterly gorgeous.

He turned to back of it, once again rereading the excerpt he wrote. He made sure there weren't any mistakes like grammatical errors or any inconsistencies with the sentence flow. He paused, staring straight at the door.

No, he was going to do this; he couldn't doubt himself in any way. He had developed the hugest crush on his best friend and it was killing him from the inside out. Their long-lasting hangouts minus Dustin and Lucas only amplified the feelings he felt towards Mike. He had to admit his feelings sooner or later; this was the most assured he's felt in ages. If he didn't do it now, he thought he wouldn't be able to do it ever. Will crouched down and quickly slid the paper under the door of Mike's locked bedroom.

He'd be sure Mike would find it tomorrow morning.

It was 8:00 A.M and Will instantly regretted what he did last night.

“Come on, come on, come on...pick up!” Will cried, holding the phone up to his ears. He was back home, his mother getting ready for work while his brother Jonathan was still fast asleep in his room.

“Everything alright, Will?”

He heard his mother’s voice from the kitchen.

Will covered the bottom part of the phone with his hand.

“Yes! I’m fine!” His voice coming out more panicked than expected. He brought the phone back to his ears, the incessant dialing tone on the other end making him antsy as it persisted. He was calling the Wheeler’s residence, hoping at least any of them – except for Mike - would answer the damn phone.

“Hello?” A monotone voice on the other line finally answered, sleepiness still harboring it.

Will recognized it as Mike’s father, Ted.

“Uhh...t-this is Mike’s friend, Will,” He started, his hand shaking as he clutched the phone, “I’m so sorry for calling this early, but is Mike awake...? I..I have something really important to tell him.”

“Karen, is Mike awake yet?” Will could hear Ted say in a louder voice.

“He’s not!” Another voice answered. Mike’s mother.

Will breathed out, a wave of relief washing through him. That meant he hadn’t gone to his room yet as he had slept in the basement as he always did when they did their nine hour long campaigns.

“No, Mike isn’t awake,” Ted monotonously said, back into the phone, “Do you want us to tell him you’ve called?”

Will’s eyes widened.

“No!” He exclaimed, a bit too loud for his liking. He quieted down after getting a concerned look from his mother, “Uhh...I- I mean, no thanks. I’ll just talk to him later. Bye!”

Will immediately hung up the phone, his heartbeat racing. A million thoughts raced through Will's mind. He wondered what the hell he was going to next. His sudden boldness from yesterday dwindled into complete cynicism. Will realized he only took his feelings into consideration, not even taking into account on how Mike would feel about this. Although his three closest friends were aware of Will's sexuality, Will himself didn't even know if Mike liked boys...in that way. What if this destroyed their friendship?

There was no way Mike could read the note behind that picture. Will had to get it away from his possession at all costs.

That was when he decided to call Dustin and Lucas.

"Jesus Christ, Will, did we really have to come here this early?" Lucas groaned, leaning forwards on his bike. Dustin was next to him, also on his bike, his sleepiness not leaving him anytime soon.

They all stood in front of Will's house after Will had hectically called them and insisted it was an emergency.

"Yeah, are you sure whatever you're going to tell us is as bad as it sounds?" Dustin added, "I've never woken up this early in ages...on a Sunday."

That was when Will bit his bottom lip, nervousness creeping up on him. He was going to have to do this and he was going to need their help to do whatever he had planned out.

"I...I...kinda need help with taking something away from Mike's room."

The short boy could feel sweat gather on his palms, afraid of what his friends were going to do. Although he knew how loyal his friends were to him and how willing they were to do all kinds of peculiar activities together, he wasn't sure they would actually go through this with him. It was a strange request that would end in utter turmoil if they made the slightest mistake. It was quiet for a short while until Dustin and Lucas caught on, the edginess in Will's voice making it

easier for them to do so.

“You mean break into his house and steal?!” Lucas blurted out. Will immediately hushed Lucas as his voice was loud.

“No! That’s not what I’m trying to say! We’re not going to steal anything!” Will replied, frustration in his voice, “...Just let me finish.”

When Will gathered his thoughts together, he spoke up again. He was going to have be straightforward about this and tell them the truth. Lying about it would dig him into an even deeper hole than he was in already.

“You...you see I drew a picture of him earlier this week,” Will began, looking downwards, “and I wrote a long note on the back of that picture. Yesterday, I slid that under his bedroom door and there’s just some really embarrassing stuff on it.”

He cursed himself for not articulating that well enough.

“Then just ask him to rip it up and throw it away in the trash without looking at it; no biggie,” Dustin shrugged, “...I mean, this isn’t something to wake us up at 8:00 for.”

Will resisted the urge to let out an exasperated groan. They just didn’t get it.

“He’s going to look at it for sure, especially if we tell him not to!”

They both saw the panic-stricken look on Will’s face. Dustin and Lucas knew how easily prone to stress Will was and they didn’t want to aggravate him anymore. However ridiculous this request of Will’s was, they couldn’t completely dismiss it as something that was completely nuts.

“...So what was the embarrassing stuff you wrote?” Lucas hesitantly asked.

That was when Will’s face turned a shade of red. If he couldn’t tell them, they probably wouldn’t go ahead and help him with this.

“...It was a confession.”

“A confession of what?” Lucas continued, not knowing where Will was going with this.

That was when Dustin’s eyes widened.

“Wait...you have feelings for Mike?”

It felt like several knots formed in Will’s stomach.

“Y-yes,” He stuttered, suddenly looking very ashamed, “...I’m not ready for him to know. I don’t want him to see that note...and I don’t want things to get awkward between us.”

“Then why did you slide the note under his door?” Lucas asked, still trying to process all of this. He was well aware of Will’s lack of attraction to girls and attraction to boys, but to his surprise, he had no idea he was crushing on Mike. He and Dustin didn’t take notice of Will’s beaming eyes and sudden elevation of his mood when Mike was there with them due to romantic feelings. They always assumed it was because Mike and Will were the closest of friends among them. And they thought the two would just remain as friends.

“Cause for some reason, I wanted him to know,” Will replied, his shoulders slumping, “...I just changed my mind.”

It was silent among the three.

“Come on guys...now that I told you, you have to help me. I really, really don’t want him to see it.”

The utter humiliation that Will felt radiated off on Dustin and Lucas. The two looked at the shorter boy sympathetically.

“Fine, we’ll help you break into Mike Wheeler’s bedroom,” Dustin finally said, still bewildered at Will’s uncharacteristic action. Will normally was a good kid; he never did anything that got himself into trouble. Now he was asking his friends to break into someone’s house.

“...I can’t believe I’m doing this,” Lucas added, “You owe us, Will.”

“His bedroom is always locked, but the windows aren’t so we can climb through those,” Dustin said, “When Nancy was with Steve, I always saw him sneaking in through her bedroom window.”

The three stopped their bikes, hiding behind a large tree and out of sight from the Wheeler’s front lawn.

“We have a little more than two hours to do this,” Lucas added, “More than enough time.”

Will looked at his watch and nodded. Mike always woke up at 12:00 on weekends, much to his parent’s dismay. The three cautiously looked around, making sure neither of his parents or anyone else would come through the front door. When they saw no sign of anyone, they quickly ran to the side of the house. Will’s heartbeat rose, adrenaline kicking in when he looked up and saw the window that led to Mike’s bedroom.

“I think you have to hoist me up,” Will said, taking notice of the shorter heighted roof adjacent to the bedroom window. They could easily prop him up there and he could open the window from the outside and climb inside.

“That won’t be hard,” Dustin said, referring to Will’s small stature.

Dustin and Lucas stood across from each other, motioning for Will to step towards them so they could hoist him up. With much rigor, the boys were able to barely push Will up on the roof. He held onto the edge with his dear life. However, Will could feel himself slipping back.

“Fuck fuck fuck! Push him up, Lucas!” Dustin said, his voice low.

“Sorry!” Lucas panicked.

They both held onto his lower legs and pushed him further. Will sighed in relief when his entire body was situated on the roof.

“Everything alright, Will??” He could hear Dustin call out from below.

“Yes, I’m fine!” Will called back, making sure to keep his voice quiet enough, but loud enough for his friends to hear.

...I can’t believe this is happening. I can’t believe this is happening...I’m such an idiot.

Will ignored his invasive thoughts before he crawled some more to reach the window. He slid the window that led to Mike’s bedroom open. He slowly stood up before extending his leg towards the open window, keeping his hands firm on the roof. Will scooted his other foot, trying to get the other half of his body inside when he could feel himself slipping again.

“AH!”

He immediately pushed himself backwards.

He fell onto the floor of Mike’s bedroom.

Will heavily panted, his hand on his chest and eyes wide. He squeezed his eyes closed, trying to subside the panic that came from almost falling off the side of the roof. When his breathing calmed down, he remembered what he came here for.

He stood on his knees and turned around, seeing the picture he left yesterday. It was still on the floor, in front of the locked door. That meant that Mike was still asleep and he hadn’t stepped foot into his room yet.

“Oh...thank god,” Will quietly said.

He immediately snatched the drawing/note and stuffed it into his jean pocket. Now all he had to do was go home, rip to it shreds, and burn it from existence.

That was when he heard the knob of the bedroom door move.

FUCK.

Will sped towards the open window to go back out but he abruptly tripped forwards, cringing when he felt a twisting sensation in his ankle. He looked back and saw that the key lock of the door popped open.

He shot upwards and hopped towards the window, attempting to climb out. He quickly stuck his good leg out; that was when-

“Will?”

Will’s mouth was wide agape.

“...What are you doing in my room??”

Mike Wheeler saw Will, awkwardly situated on the windowsill, half of his body outside and the other half still in his room.

All of a sudden, Will couldn’t speak; he felt a sudden bout of lightheadedness. It was as if the world around him was spinning. He saw his best friend, standing at the entrance of his bedroom, hand on the door knob. He didn’t look mad but he looked utterly confused and wondering what in god’s earth Will was doing on his windowsill, early in the morning.

“I-I was...I was...” Will stopped; he was frozen. *What the hell do I say???* There was no excuse that Will could conjure up that would explain this in any feasible way.

Right now, Will wanted to jump off out of the window and run as fast as he could without saying anymore. However, if he did so, he’d probably trip on himself and slide right off the roof, breaking his neck. He was stuck here for now.

When Will tried situating the other half of his body back into the room, he cringed, a spike of pain coming from his already sore ankle. He instinctively bent over on his side and bit his lip, the pain becoming unbearable. He tried his hardest not to shout out expletives.

“Are you alright?” There was genuine concern in Mike’s face as he saw Will’s pain-stricken expression. He could ask questions later about Will breaking into his room because right now he looked like

he was about to die.

"I'm f-fine," Will grunted out.

"Don't lie to me."

Will could hear the frustration climbing in his friend's voice. He couldn't blame Mike, especially after what he just saw when he opened the door to his room. His most trusted friend had broken into his house and wasn't even providing an explanation as to why he did that. Will knew he had every right to be pissed off.

"My ankle...I sprained my ankle," Will quietly said. *This is so humiliating.* He tried to get himself back inside Mike's room, but Mike restrained him from hurting himself anymore. The taller boy instead helped him Will, by awkwardly putting his arm around his waist. Will grabbed onto Mike's waist and slowly got his leg from outside, careful as to not put any weight on his right ankle.

When they both reached Mike's bed, Will let go of his friend's waist, situating himself on the mattress. In a rather haste fashion, Mike had gone downstairs to create an icepack for Will's throbbing ankle, ignoring Will's protests not to. It was clear to Mike that Will had immense guilt, but he was going to get an explanation out of his friend. There was no way he'd be able to let this go, even if it was Will Byers.

Will reluctantly took the icepack and placed it on the side of his ankle, unable to look Mike in the eye.

"I'm so, so sorry for all of this."

Mike was silent.

"I-I shouldn't have done it...but-" Will stopped himself, his heartbeat audible. He realized wasn't getting anywhere; he had to tell him why he would do such a thing. That would mean telling Mike about that godforsaken note.

"But what?" Mike echoed him; as much as he wanted to, he tried his hardest not to let anger overtake his voice, "There has to be a really good reason why you would climb up my house and sneak into my

room through the window...at 8:30 in the morning.”

Will swallowed, his embarrassment shooting up – particularly at that last sentence Mike said.

“I didn’t do it by myself,” Will looked up at him, “...Dustin and Lucas helped me after I convinced them to.”

“Wait, where are they?” Mike raised his eyebrows. *‘They were in on this too?’* He thought. When he was about to walk towards the window, Will grabbed his sleeve to stop him.

“They’re outside, b-but that’s not the point-”

Oh fuck it.

Will suddenly pulled out the crumpled note from his pocket. He extended it towards Mike.

“This,” Will began, his hand shaking, “...I broke into your house because of this.”

Will didn’t have time to prepare himself for what could come next. He felt that familiar feeling of lightheadedness; he knew what he was doing right now. They knew each other for ten years, since kindergarten – they had a long history as friends. He didn’t know whether this would ruin the safety of their friendship, but Mike...or any ordinary person for that matter, would never let this go if Will didn’t provide a reason for breaking in.

Will squeezed his eyes shut when he heard crumpling noises of the paper – Mike was opening it. He was going to see the picture and then the note-

This was actually happening. Will was inadvertently professing his love for him.

He couldn’t look, but he had to.

He opened his eyes.

Mike’s confused expression changed into one of surprise when he saw

the drawing. It was one of himself. He paid much attention to the detail that Will drew with when it came to his individual features – his warm brown eyes, his dark, wavy hair, his freckles, his half-smile – everything unique to him. Mike knew of Will's artistic expertise, but this particular drawing of his was breathtaking; it was clear he poured a ton of work into it.

“Will...this is- this is really, really good.”

Mike was clearly taken away. When he regained his composure, he continued, “But why would you sneak into my room for a drawing-”

“Y-you have t-to turn it over.”

Will's face turned red when he interrupted Mike. Will looked down, eyes on his balled up hands that were glued onto his lap.

He heard the flap of paper as Mike turned the drawing, the note facing him.

The next 40 seconds felt like 40 minutes to Will. The long silence was becoming unbearable, the tense atmosphere growing. He watched Mike read the note, his eyes glued onto it as he carefully read each word. Will had no idea what was going through his best friend's head at the moment, all he wanted was for this to not put a dent in their long-lasting friendship. It would break him.

“I slid this under your door last night cause I wanted you to know I felt about you...b-but I instantly regret doing that so I snuck in to take it back...it's stupid, right?”

“Mike, I don't want you to hate me-”

He immediately stopped when Mike sat next to him on the bed. He set the note aside.

What happened next made Will's heart stop.

“I don't hate you, Will,” Mike began, “I could never hate you.”

That was when Mike leant in, closing the distance between him and Will. Will could hear the synchronization of their heartbeats as he felt

himself subconsciously leaning in as well.

A sudden feeling a warmth enveloped Will when he felt Mike's lips press against his.

His apprehension was suddenly whisked away. In place of that, there was that familiar sense of comfort and security as he felt Mike's larger hand over his. Mike wasn't disgusted, he wasn't weirded out... it was then Will knew that his love was being reciprocated.

Mike took his lips off of Will's before he slowly embraced his friend in a tight hug. Will felt his cheek brush up against Mike's shoulder, a smile forming on his features.

"How long?" Mike asked, not breaking their embrace.

"...For five years," Will replied, his voice muffled as he snuggled closer into Mike.

"Really?" Mike said, surprised. The two finally broke their long hug.

"Really," Will's smile grew wider, seeing how beautiful Mike looked when he smiled.

"That's a year longer than me."

Will couldn't help but to let out a chuckle as he tried masking his own surprise. *'He really does have feelings for me!'* He wanted to yell. Will tried his damned hardest not to jump up in excitement as his dream actually came true.

"I kept telling myself otherwise, that I was just confused," Mike continued, taking note of the long-lasting denial he had. He knew how people who were open about their same-sex relationships were treated. He thought it would be better to keep whatever feelings he had as a secret and hoped it would all blow off for the longest time. It wasn't too hard for him to keep those feelings under-wraps, but it pained him to do so. It was absolute torment for him.

"You're much braver than I am, you know that?"

"How?" Will raised his eyebrows.

“Cause you actually did this,” Mike said, holding up the drawing/note, “...You actually slid this under my bedroom door, with the intention to admit how you felt about me. That’s something I wasn’t ever able to do.”

“That’s before I snuck inside to take it back before you’d wake up to see it,” Will laughed.

“Yet you still told me anyways,” Mike replied, “You could have kept the note in your pocket and lied.”

“...You’re right,” Will said, after a pause.

He giggled when he felt a quick peck on his forehead.

“I love you, Will.”

“I love you too, Mike.”

It was then Will knew that everything between them was going to be alright.

2. The Actual Note

Summary for the Chapter:

Here's the content of Will's note.

Hey, Mike.

I don't really know what note to start this off on, but that drawing in the back was something I've been working on for a few weeks. I used the expensive Prismacolor pencils this time; I hope you like it.

The reason why I'm writing this is that I want to be honest with you from now on, 100%. The more I keep this to myself, the more it hurts. It feels like absolute torture not to say anything as the months go on.

I just want to say that these feelings of mines have been here for a very long time. You were my first friend and in that way you mean a lot to me. The minute you came into my life was the first time that I felt like things were going to be okay for the long run. I was scared and alone, but you changed that. You brought in a sense of comfort that I never realized I could feel. But the admiration I feel for you has changed into something more.

Mike Wheeler, I think I have feelings for you. No, I know I have feelings for you.

I didn't fully admit to them until recently, but it's eating me from the inside out to not say anything, so I had to write it out on here.

You're an amazing person, you understand me more than most people, you listen to me, and you're so, so easy to talk to. I love your selflessness and I love that you're always here for me when I'm feeling under the weather. You always stand up for me when it comes to bullies and you're willing to put yourself in harm's way to keep them from bothering me. There's a lot you don't have to do for me, but you do it anyways. You're so amazing, there's no other way I can put it.

I know you don't feel the same the way, so no hard feelings, but I want you to know how I feel.

-Will